AMANDA.

When Theron calls, Amanda can't delay,
All his requeſts, with pleaſure I obey;
Thus our firſt parents ſpent their happieſt hours,
In Eden's ſtately groves and ſhady bowers.

THERON.

O may each object that attracts our eyes,
Engage our ſerious thoughts and make us wiſe;
How kind is God! who form'd, and plac'd on high,
The Moon, pale empreſs of the ſtarry ſky;
Which, when the enlivening ſun withdraws his light,
With ſilver rays illumes the ſhades of night;
Perhaps thoſe twinkling orbs are worlds like ours,
Poſſeſt by creatures of ſuperior pow'rs.

Worlds beyond worlds in beauteous order ſhine,
And ſpeak their great Original divine;
Oh vaſt creation! thy extenſive bounds,
The utmoſt ſtretch of human thought confounds;
'Tis not for man thy limits to explore,
His province is to rev'rence and adore.

How many beauties night preſents to view;
Charms loſt on all but the *diſcerning* few,
The moon and ſtars, GOD's handy works proclaim,
While univerſal nature ſounds His fame;
To Him then let us conſtant homage pay,
Who is our guard by night and guide by day.

AMANDA.

Yes, my dear Theron, we will daily praiſe,
That gracious GOD, whoſe wonders night diſplays,

BOB SHORT *The Country 'Squire* LONDON, 1781 HASKOLL COLLECTION, THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY Octavo